

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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The Moon Rising Behind a Eucalyptus Tree

By Saidee Geraud Ruthrauff

*The moon climbs over the edge of the world
Gleaming and huge and red
A eucalyptus tattered and torn
Lifts high his gypsy head
He flings his tatters to the moon
As it climbs the darkening sky
Oh! he flings his tatters across the moon
Like rags hung up to dry.*

The Old Master of Hard-bake.

BY YETTA KAY STODDARD.

WHEN Jean and Dikka Galland first looked about them from the hill cabin that was to be their home until Dikka had recovered from the effects of a severe illness of the winter before, mournfully they asked each other, "But what shall we do for some fun—here?"

The barren cactus-land seemed to offer no opportunities for amusement. Then, immediately, the very next morning, they went out and made the acquaintance of three members of the terrible family of the Old Master of Hard-bake; beginning thus a wonderful playtime that they will be talking about when they are as old as Bill Rodney himself.

On a sandy level place below the hillock on which they stood that morning they saw what appeared to be three dully-shining, grayish-brownish-tawny round strips

of new leather marked with oddly irregular diamond patterns. Jean threw a stick among them and thereupon these strips rippled with life, coiled themselves into Turks' caps, with threatening, swaying, triangular heads and tassels of bony knobs sticking out at one side.

"Rattlers!" shuddered the newcomers. It was their first sight of the famous fighters.

"It's a good thing we're up here out of their reach," whispered Jean.

"But let's not stay!" Dikka urged tremblingly. "They might crawl up here after us."

Running back toward the cabin they met Bill Rodney, the ancient lone hill-dweller, their only neighbor, who had called to show Dad Galland how to make himself and his little folk comfortable in their new quarters.

"What's up?" shouted Bill to the scrambling, excited, big-eyed children.

"Snakes!" they answered.

"Been out to Hard-bake Flats?" asked the old man, chuckling at the wonder he saw in their faces.

"We don't know the name of the place. It's over there." Jean pointed. "And we saw three awful, dreadful, great, big, horrible"—He could not think of more words that would be descriptive of what he and his sister had just looked upon.

"Rattlesnakes!" Dikka finished for him, thinking that one word would be sufficient to stir up Bill. But that old fellow only kept on chuckling at them.

"Tush!" he said. "What you saw was nothing but a few of the young relatives of the Old Master!"

"The Old Master!" the children repeated. "Have you seen a bigger one? These were—oh, that long!" It was Dikka who asked.

"Sure as anything, Missy," answered Bill. "And maybe before you go back East you'll get a squint at him. Then you'll have a true yarn to tell about the size of hill serpents that nobody will ever believe!"

"I don't care about snakes—not even tiny baby ones," remarked Dikka, not much interested in the size of Old Master.

"I suppose you'd get used to them—if they didn't wiggle so, I wouldn't mind them very much at all." Jean thought he must appear manfully courageous before Bill.

"See here," advised that wise person. "When you go over in Hard-bake direction, you carry a big stick—a forked one, with a red rag tied to it. And if you meet one of Old Master's family, you just shove it under his homely nose. It'll make him so mad that he'll shoot all his poison into the rag, and then he can't hurt you. Remember?"

"Have you done that to Old Master?" Jean asked admiringly.

"Nay, nay! That boy is too sly for me. I've seen him, but never got near him—yet. He knows I'm after his handsome hide, Old Master does, and refuses to come out of his hiding-place to bid me the time of day."

Usually the children avoided the neighborhood of Hard-bake after that. Full of wonders they had found the cactus-land as they continued their daily exploration trips. Although they were not anxious to encounter one of the coil-and-strike tribe, they never went out without first arming themselves with long forked sticks, from each of which waved the half of one of Bill's worn red handkerchiefs.

Not many weeks slipped behind them before the sun and the pure air as well as the hearty food that Dad Galland prepared had brought color into Dikka's cheeks and had turned city-boy Jean into a tanned and hardy hill-lad. A few mornings before the one set for their homeward journey the children decided to gather some prickly pears, curiosities of the Western desert, to take to their mother and playmates at home.

"Don't you wish we could get one good look at Old Master before we go?" Jean asked his sister as they set off, each provided with the customary "poison-extractor pole" and carrying between them a large basket, the covers of which fastened down with a snap.

"Just to say we had seen the biggest rattler in the world—that's what Bill calls him—yes!" laughed Dikka. "But I don't just exactly long to meet him alone,—you and I all alone,—do you, Jean?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'd shake my stick at him, the same as I did with the little one I caught," Jean answered boldly. He had really captured one member of the Hard-bake tribe and was very naturally quite proud of himself for it.

"I'd scream and run," admitted Dikka, with a shiver.

They approached an eminence on which grew a giant red-fruited cactus. Finding it too steep for the little girl, Jean, the strong, said:

"Here, you take the basket and stand below there. I'll climb up at the side and throw the pears down where you are."

Down where Dikka stood was a shelf-like place at the side of the hill. She placed her basket on the ground, turned back the covers, and stood waiting for her brother to begin to cut the fruit. Then she was conscious of a low, menacing, thudding sound, a little above her—exactly above where the basket stood! Almost before she could think "rattler," an ugly gray-brown flattened head lifted toward her. Seizing her "poison-extractor," she held it before the snake, who immediately struck at it with such force that he fell—and straight into the pear-basket! And Dikka was brave enough and quick-minded enough and strong enough to snap down the covers!

"Jean! Jean! JEAN!" she shrieked, hopping up and down, in wild, joyous terror. Her brother came tumbling to her side.

"I've caught a rattler—alive—a big one!" explained the trembling, laughing girl.

"In there?" asked Jean, only half-believing his sister's words. The agitation of something inside the basket answered him.

"Let's find Bill!" he proposed, first examining the fastening, to make sure it would hold, before he tried to lift it.

Bill they met not far from the cabin. That experienced snake-catcher had the surprise of his life, when, after administering a sleeping-draught to the serpent, he stretched it along the winding trail.

"Dikka," he whispered in awe-struck tones. "You've done what I've been hankering long years to do. You've got the Old Master himself!"

"And you can have him, Bill!" Dikka said generously. "I've been wanting to give you a present all summer."

"Nothing would please me more—but I'll just take the fun of curing him and tanning him and showing him off hereabouts for a while," agreed Bill. "But along about your birthday-time I'll send you his hide. It'll look mighty pretty in the parlor and you'll need it to make your city-friends believe just exactly how long and fat the Old Master of Hard-bake really was."

Falsehood is cowardice—truth is courage.—*Lowell.*

The Liberty Calendar.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

"OH, dear!" groaned Jack. "How many days are there in March, anyway? I never can remember."

"Thirty days hath September, April, June, and November," chanted Mary.

"Oh, yes," groaned Jack. "That means that March has thirty-one, doesn't it? How do you ever remember, Mary? Rhymes don't stick in my head as they do in yours. But goodness, isn't it a nuisance, having them all mixed up like that? I wish they'd all be thirty or thirty-one."

"They can't," answered Mary, wisely. "Because there are three hundred and sixty-five days in a year, and twelve times thirty is three hundred and sixty, and that's not enough, and twelve times thirty-one is—is"—

She paused, and Jack cried, "Three hundred and seventy-two!" triumphantly.

"Oh, yes, three hundred and seventy-two, and that's too many. So I guess you'd just better learn my rhyme right now."

"Maybe he won't have to," said Uncle Jim, who had just come into the room. "There's a new scheme on foot for making over the calendar."

"Making it easier?" cried Jack, eagerly; while "Tell us all about it, please," begged Mary, as usual. Mary always wanted to know "all about" everything right away.

"Much easier," answered Uncle Jim. "I think they must have planned it for poor unfortunate boys like Jack, who can't learn rhymes, don't you, Mary?" He "twinkled his eyes," as she called it, at his little niece as he seated himself in a way which invited her to take a seat on his knee.

"And now—for 'all about it.' It is called the Liberty Calendar, and it's so simple and easy that the only queer thing about it seems to be that nobody else ever did it before.

"Instead of twelve months of differing lengths, there are to be thirteen, all of twenty-eight days. How much does that make, children?"

Mary began whispering to herself, with her forehead all puckered up in a hard knot, but Jack cried, "Three hundred and sixty-four!" adding proudly, "I can multiply even if I can't learn rhymes, Uncle Jim."

"Good work!" said Uncle Jim. "So it's poor unfortunate Mary this time, isn't it?"

"Just like Jack Spratt and his wife," giggled Mary.

"Jack Spratt could do no rhymes.
His wife could do no sums—

"Goodness, Uncle Jim, what rhymes with sums?"

"Never mind now," urged Jack. "I want to hear about the calendar. What are they going to do with that extra day, Uncle Jim?"

"That is going to be New Year's Day and will be an extra day all by itself, not counted in any week or month. And instead of Leap Year we shall have a Correction Day once in every four years. That will be the last day of that year and will be called just Correction Day."

"How interesting!" cried Mary, with

shining eyes. "And where does the new month come in?"

"That will come after February, and our calendar will read, 'January, February, Liberty, March,' and then the rest just the same. Every month will begin on a Monday and end on a Sunday."

"I wonder why they didn't have Sunday for the first," said Jack, thoughtfully. "I thought Sunday was the first day of the week."

"I wondered about that too, Jack. And I've never heard any explanation, but I think it may be done to please the foolish people who are superstitious about Friday and the thirteenth. If Sunday were the first, you see, Friday would always be the thirteenth."

"Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday," and "One, two, three, four," counted Mary, rapidly, on her fingers. "Why, so it would! And now it's always on a Saturday, isn't it?"

"And the fourth is always on Thursday!" cried Jack. "So the Fourth of July will always be on Thursday. And so will Christmas!"

"And so will Thanksgiving, of course," smiled Uncle Jim. "And Victory Day (November 11th) too. Thursday will be rich, won't it?"

"And what about the seasons?" inquired Mary. "There'll be one more month to put in somewhere."

"That will be given to the summer, because summer is really longer than any other season."

"Oh, goody!" cried Jack and Mary together. "Then we'll have a longer vacation, won't we?"

"I hardly think that," laughed Uncle Jim. "I imagine your vacation will be measured by weeks, just as it is now."

"But summer will begin on May Day, won't it?" cried Mary. "Oh, I think that's awfully nice!"

"But what will happen to Memorial Day?" demanded Jack. "There won't be any thirtieth."

"And our birthdays!" cried Mary. "Why, mother's is on the thirty-first!"

"I haven't happened to hear what is to be done about birthdays," said Uncle Jim. "But I'm sure that will be fixed up all right. You remember don't you, that George Washington was really born on what was called the 11th of February in 1732, though we celebrate his birthday on the 22d now."

"How funny!" cried Jack and Mary together. "We never heard that. Did they ever change the calendar before?"

"Oh, yes. Now don't tell me that you don't remember that I told you that before the time of Numa the old Romans had ten months and that's why the last four months have number names: September—that means seventh month; and October—"

"Oh, yes!" cried Mary, as Uncle Jim paused suggestively. "And Octo is Latin for eight, and Novem for nine, and Decem for ten."

"Yes, I remember too," said Jack eagerly. "And July was named for Julius Caesar, their great general."

"That's better," approved Uncle Jim, with a twinkle. "I can't bear to think you people don't pick up all these pearls and diamonds of wisdom that drop from my lips, like the princess in the fairytale. Well, it was Julius Caesar who made

over the calendar for the Romans. Then after he died, the Emperor Augustus had to have the next month named for him. That's why we call it August. And he stole another day from poor little February to make his as long as July, which was named for his great-uncle."

"History's awfully interesting when you have somebody to explain it to you, isn't it?" said Mary, her eyes shining. "But what about George Washington's Birthday? He wouldn't steal from anybody. I'm sure of that."

"No," smiled Uncle Jim, "he didn't. But later on there was another change, made by Pope Gregory. And that change was adopted by England in 1751 while we were still English. And after"—He stopped inquiringly.

"After George Washington was born," said Jack, "because he was born in 1732." Jack had just been studying up the subject of George Washington on account of some funny mistakes he had made one day.

"Good!" said Uncle Jim. "And as the way they were changing the calendar was by taking out the eleven days that it had run ahead of the sun, February 11 became February 22."

"Just the way my birthday will have to be changed when I get to be a famous man," said Jack.

"If you get to be a famous man," teased Mary.

"And if we have the Liberty Calendar," smiled Uncle Jim. "That's not sure yet, though the last I heard a bill about it was introduced in Congress."

"And if it passes," asked Jack, "when will the Liberty Calendar begin?"

"On the first day of the year 1922. This will make the change very easy, as that day will be Sunday as well as New Year's Day, and the next day will be Monday, January 1st. After that, at the end of each four weeks a new month will begin, and this will be the regular order to the end of time. Thirteen months, each twenty-eight days long."

"But I'll have to study arithmetic a whole year before that," groaned Jack, "so I guess I'll have to learn that rhyme anyhow. How does it go, Mary?"

"Thirty days hath September,"—

Little Molly Cottontail.

BY MAY O. RINGWALT.



THERE was no doubt about it, of all the big little family of six rabbit children, Molly Cottontail was mother's pet.

Mrs. Cottontail loved them all, of course, — plain Martha; pretty, sprightly Betty, as nimble-witted as she was quick-footed; George

Rufus, who took himself seriously, and grew simply furious whenever a teasing brother or sister called him "Sniffles"; lazy but good-natured Bunny Edward; and even Nicky, that imp of mischief, no sooner out of one scrape than into another. But there was

something about dear little Molly—a lovable, cuddable something—that went straight to rabbit-mother's heart.

Then, too, Molly had always been more dependent upon her than any of the rest. For back in rabbit-baby days when the six teeny-weeny bunnies were cradled together in the big warm nest of fine grass and soft leaves which Mother Cottontail had made and delicately lined with hairs from her own body, little Molly was a sick, puny infant, whose life hung upon a slender thread. And even when the helpless, huddling nest-time was over and rabbit-babies had become frisky rabbit-youngsters, little Molly was never quite so strong, quite so agile, as her brothers and sisters, so, while the other adventure-some rabbit children might wander far afield, she was always found close by mother's side.

They were wonderful rabbit days of summer sunshine and abundance, when Mother Cottontail and all the little Cottontails went joyously about their corner of the big, beautiful Outdoors, gaily nibbling at delicate buds and dainty new leaves of shrubs, even taking deep rabbit satisfaction in the bark of certain trees. Of course rabbit childhood had its little trials and tribulations that must be borne in a bright, brave spirit,—the time, for instance, when George Rufus cut his foot on a sharp stone; the time when Martha got a tick in her ear; the time when disobedient Nicky had a simply awful green-apple ache from eating forbidden unripe berries; but for the most part the Cottontail family-life brimmed over in carefree happiness.

The climax of delight came on a day of all days, Discovery Day,—the discovery of a new world of rabbit bliss. For just over the fence—which meant just under it—from the Cottontail home fireside of a deep warm burrow was a garden-patch of young cabbages.

Never had there been such a find! They nibbled cabbage. They crunched cabbage. They gorged cabbage. For twenty all-absorbing minutes it was rabbit heaven.

Then suddenly their highly sensitive ears caught a sound, their big, round, all-seeing eyes a sight, that fairly froze the blood in rabbit veins.

With excited barks, a big savage monster was loping toward the cabbage-patch.

For a tense moment, squatting close to the ground, the rabbits held themselves absolutely motionless, in the vain hope that the Enemy might pass them by, undetected. But the dog's scent was too keen and true, and when he was almost upon them, in a pell-mell panic they scuttled in all directions, the dog giving chase,—now in hot pursuit of swift-footed Betty, now after the slower Bunny Edward.

Meanwhile terrified Molly Cottontail followed Nicky's lead as he streaked away from the vegetable garden in a direction diametrically opposite from that of their home burrow. But at best Molly's legs were weaker than Nicky's, and in her fright she could hardly work them at all. So the distance between brother and sister lengthened and lengthened, until at last all of Nicky that even Molly's far-seeing rabbit eyes could distinguish was the white gleam of his short, upturned little tail shooting across space like a wind-blown flake of cotton.

Breathless, quivering from head to foot, poor little Molly finally took refuge under a bush.

The little rabbit stayed in hiding a long time,—so long a time, indeed, that when she did venture out, the sun that had been bright and wide-awake before was now drowsily sinking down to rest in the west, a blinky little Sandman's cloud in its sleepy eyes. Never had the world seemed so big and lonesome. Never had Molly felt so small and lost.

She took little rabbit steps this way. She took little rabbit steps that way. Bewildered, she took little rabbit steps every way but the right, home way.

Dusk deepened into darkness. In startling shrillness the night silence was broken by sharp-piercing voices. "Katydid!" "Katydidn't!" Poor little Molly Cottontail—by this hour always fast asleep in the home burrow—almost jumped out of her rabbit skin. The next instant, somewhere in the dark grass a cricket chirped. Had a policeman's whistle sounded in her sensitive ear, the rabbit could not have been more terrified. Panic-stricken, for a moment she crouched motionless, then through the enveloping blackness she ran blindly on and on.

At last a great blank wall loomed across her path,—the blank wall of the side of a house, only the little rabbit of the fields had never seen a house. Under other circumstances no doubt she would have turned about and run in another direction. But she had reached the limit of her strength. More dead than alive, she dropped exhausted to the ground, hidden from view by the darkness and the shielding foliage of the house's flower-border.

"Mother! Mother! Come quick!" excitedly cried a little girl's voice the next morning, when dazed Molly Cottontail, not knowing in the least where she was nor how she had got there, timidly emerged from the flower-border onto an open gravel path. "Here is a wabbit,—the most darling-est child wabbit that you ever saw! A wabbit with a white feather in its tail!"

And because it is the rabbit habit when any danger threatens to keep at first as still as still can be, with a swift movement of an outstretched hand, Caroline's mother was able to catch the frightened bunny and hold it prisoner. A prisoner of love and kindness and tender care in rabbit days of happiness yet to come. For Caroline had been taught to be very good and very gentle to all dumb, helpless animals, and after much patience the wild little rabbit grew quite tame and became the most beloved favorite of the dear little girl's many pets.

Let others traverse sea and land,
And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my hand
Reading these poets' rhymes.

From them I learn whatever lies
Beneath each changing zone,
And see, when looking with their eyes,
Better than with mine own.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

"As Bees hive Sweets against Cold Winter's Rage,
Should Youth store Happy Memories for Age."



THE BEACON CLUB



OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Dear Miss Buck,—Our class, as a whole, wishes to join your splendid center. We are organized into a club called "The Blue Birds," which means "to bring happiness." We decided to give a motion picture some Saturday afternoon. Ten dollars is required to put this through, and to raise this money we are going to give a coffee social.

We have enjoyed your paper very much, especially your Recreation Corner. We hope that some of our work will appear there some day. Indeed we are sure a puzzle will be there. The stories interest us very much, and every Sunday we take a paper home.

Sincerely yours,
"THE BLUE BIRDS,"
DOROTHY BRUNER, Secretary,
(Miss Christman's Class.)

118 GOULBURN AVENUE,
OTTAWA, CANADA.

My dear Miss Buck,—It is a very long time since I wrote to you. But this does not mean I have forgotten you. I read *The Beacon* as faithfully as ever and do the puzzles.

To-day I saw the letter from Edna S. Knapp

and was interested to know something about her, as I have always enjoyed her delightful stories.

I have grown up a lot since I first saw your paper and am now playing the organ at our church. I am so old that I am afraid to tell you the number of my years as you might think me too old to write a letter.

Father is away at Duluth now, and Mr. J. B. W. Day, who has been in Japan, is filling the pulpit for the time being.

I feel rather far away from you all up here in Canada, and I should really like to correspond with two or three *Beacon* members about my own age. But I'm too shy to write first, so I wish they would.

I think "From Rose Mary's Shop," in to-day's number, is exceptionally good and hope the writer will have some more like it in *The Beacon* as soon as possible.

I enclose an enigma which I hope you will accept,

And remain, as ever,

Your interested member,
OLIVE M. ADLARD,
[16 years.]

Other new members of our Club are Margaret and Petrena Abbe and Barbara Daskam, Chevy Chase, D.C.; Ruth, Laura, Jennie, and Chester Kribstock, Bethel, Vt.; Hilda Kenyon and Hazel McCabe, Burlington, Vt.

was helping prepare some popcorn for the family, he suddenly said, "I can sell popcorn!" His parents entered into the plan with him. During the following week, he shelled and popped corn, made popcorn balls and sold them. The following Sunday, his envelope, which he happily carried back to the church school, contained \$4 which he had earned himself in this way.

No doubt we shall hear many more stories of the loyalty and faithfulness of those who gave for our Unitarian faith. These but indicate how much children and young people have done and are still doing to carry on our church and the church schools in which they are trained.

AT Passaic, N.J., the church school is seated in the form of a hollow square, the younger children sitting in small chairs in the front row on the three sides. Two older members of the school act as sentinels and help announce the hymns and lead in the responses. An Improvement Drive has been started, the school being divided into two sides indicated by red and purple badges. Each side will be credited with a certain number of points for bringing in a new member, bringing back a former member of the school, for attendance, promptness, perfect attendance, and preparation of lesson. We shall be glad to hear of the increase in the size of the school, in promptness and excellence of work which this method secures.

The winds come by from east and west,
With pleasant passing words;
I warm my hands in sunset,
And share my bread with birds.

JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

RECREATION CORNER

ENIGMA L.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 6, 10, 11, is a loud noise.
My 9, 3, 5, 12, connects.
My 13, 7, 8, is deceitful.
My 1, 3, 2, is a tree.
My 6, 4, 5, is a bear's home.
My whole is what we should all try to establish.

J. W.

ENIGMA LI.

I am composed of 33 letters.
My 4, 1, 14, 25, 16, 33, is a spring vegetable.
My 17, 24, 19, 8, 28, means value.
My 32, 9, 12, 5, 18, 23, is what the sun makes.
My 11, 15, 7, 27, is something very often useful.
My 30, 4, 6, 2, 10, 14, is what wicked men have many times done.
My 20, 29, 13, 22, 21, is the position of the letter J in the alphabet.
My 31, 26, 3, 18, 7, is that in which strength lies.
My whole is a well-known proverb.

OLIVE M. ADLARD.

INDIANA COUNTIES.

1. What county is a fruit?
2. What county is a girl's name?
3. What county is a body of water?
4. What county is a welcome gift?
5. What county decreases?

Sunday School Advocate.

CHARADE.

My first is a drink—how the English enjoy it!
Or a small heap of sand—see the golfer destroy it!

My last is a vegetable, a little round thing,
How delicious they taste when they come in the Spring!

When the Indians roamed o'er the plains in the West,
My whole was the shelter which suited them best.

DANIEL L. HAZARD.

A RIDDLE.

I'm a cake without any frosting.

I bubble, I froth, and I foam.

I make my living by washing.

You find me in every one's home.

The Mayflower.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 22.

ENIGMA XLVI.—George Washington.

ENIGMA XLVII.—What can I do the cause of God to aid?

CHARADE.—Carpet.

Answers to puzzles have been received from Edwin A. Baldwin, Jr., Schenectady, N.Y.; Ruth E. Carpenter, Berneville, N.Y.; and Courtney Langdon, Jr., Providence, R.I.

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FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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PRESS OF GEO. H. ELLIS CO. (INC.) BOSTON.

The Faith that makes Faithful.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE recent Unitarian Campaign to raise money for forward work for our churches brought out some interesting incidents which our *Beacon* readers will like to know about. Here is one of them:

A young woman who attended all through her childhood and still attends the mission Sunday school in one of our Unitarian churches in Boston is now self-supporting. She has a salary of \$1,200 in the position in which she is employed. When the appeal came for money to carry on our work, this fine young woman remembered how much the church had done for her during her childhood and youth. She realized that it had given her a faith which made life better worth while and an opportunity to secure the position she now occupies. There was in her heart the desire to give the same faith and the same opportunity to others situated as she had been in her childhood.

She therefore pledged \$500—\$100 each year for the five years of the Campaign—from her modest salary, for our Unitarian work. The amount she gave is a larger part of all that she receives for her support during the year than are most, if indeed any, of the other contributions to our fund, generous as they were.

Another incident comes through the *Christian Register* from a church in a town in Massachusetts. A little lad, six years old, received at the church school the envelope in which our children were asked to make their contributions. He brought it home to his parents with the words, "I must earn some money to give to my church!" That evening, when he